August 25th, 2025.

We're still going to be reading this. I have the fucking notebook here with the list waiting to be filled in of code names for the other fucking slaves that feature in this story so that we can actually keep track of them in some fucking way.

We're supposedly on page 68.

Uh, which part had I gone to?

Okay. Uh, we're at the part where we're just, instead of going with the blatant obvious thing that any person who's not inherently racist and literally starting from the premise of “slaves are evil murdering machines who want to kill everybody” and also if you just don't grasp the basic concept of solidarity—

So, the slaves made it as clear as humanly fucking possible that—

(to person offscreen) Hand me the, hnd me the glasses cloth. My camera's dirty and it's bothering me. Even though I'm just going to have to lower the quality manually later.

Uh, the slaves who are still enslaved more than Murderbot is.

Murderbot is a slave, but it's not a slave to the same fucking degree as everybody else, because it can't *actually* get its brain flash fried for disobeying an order like everybody else can.

The other slaves, whose brains *can* be flash fried by disobeying an order, were given orders to set a trap.

They followed that order, but they did so purposefully badly by making this trap as obvious as possible to warn Murderbot away.

Instead of being grateful, instead of having any kind of conversation about solidarity among oppressed people, instead of talking about how these strangers care about Murderbot to the point that they are

risking their fucking lives to save it when they don't even know it— it's just another stranger to them.

Instead of anything like that, we get this: [[here]]

> They were not the sharpest murderbots, having cleaned the floor of the between habitat corridor to cover the prints that they had left when staging that body. It would have fooled somebody who hadn't noticed all the other floors were covered with tracked in dust.

And again, I forgot to point this out in the last one, but you notice how we are only getting told now, when it's important, that all of the other floors in this fucking habitat are covered in tracked in dirt and dust?

All the other floors are noticeably covered in dirt and dust. We don' t— We didn't — But we weren't given that information when Murderbot actually fucking walked in here, were we? No, they weren't.

Because this is Martha Wells again being a shit writer. Even in the fully final product. Like, this isn't a — it's not supposed to be a first draft, but it sure as fucking seems like one.

Because anybody who's competent at writing and editing, when you're paying for professionally published and professionally edited, supposedly, books, you would think somebody would say, "Okay, um, go back and just add the fact that the dirt that mentioned that the, the floors are all covered in very, very noticeable dirt.”

We could have done a whole thing, but no, we only get this information after it's relevant, because it's badly fucking written.

This is why you'll read a lot of stories — Again, I'm keep mentioning the ones by Megan Linsky that are free on YouTube.

I wouldn't criticize her as much, but she decided to just hate gay people. So, fuck you, Megan Linsky. fuck you.

(from offscreen) “Bury your gays”

Like, she literally did the — she not only did the bury your gays trope, and I, I think —

I listened to these. They're free on YouTube. So I was like, "Okay, yeah, sure. I'll listen to them and then I'll buy them if they're good.” I'm not buying them now. She not only did the bury your gays trope, she she did gay stereotypes.

There's only two fucking gay characters in the whole book. And then they both get murdered. And not even just murdered, they are literally not given a proper burial, so that their in-universe souls —

In this fantasy series can go to their version of the afterlife.

So not only not only stereotyping people, not only tokenizing gay people and then murdering them, then they are literally not given a proper burial, so that their souls canonically in this fucking setting, will not pass to the afterlife. Like Jesus Christ, lady.

Also, the last book was fucking terrible. She did time travel shit out of nowhere, and it was horrible.

Anyways, I bring that up because those, those books have the same sort of problems going on here, where this — there's dirt on the floor to a noticeable degree, that we only get told that literally not as it's relevant, *after* it's relevant.

Not before to set up this relevancy, only afterwards do we get told this. We don't get shown this. We just have to get told this *after* it's fucking relevant.

Imagine if Murderbot — Imagine if this book were competently written.

Not even just well written, just competently written with basic setup.

Murderbot says, "I walked through the door into their habitat. The first thing that hit me," let's just let's just rewrite this whole scene mentally quick.

“The first thing that hit me, even through the filters, so strong that it penetrated even through the filters of my my mask, was the smell of rotting flesh. It was clear the instant that door opened that the only thing I was going to find in here were dead bodies. The, the smell was so fucking strong, it was penetrating my armor filters. And that's saying something. Anybody who was left alive in here would either” uh no or just if “if there was anybody left alive in here that would mean that they had they would have to be too injured to move at all, because nobody would stay in here willingly.” Um, “the second thing I noticed was that the floor was completely covered in the”, let's say, bright rust, “bright orange dirt that was found in many parts of this planet. It liked to crumble and stick to every part of your clothing.”

We can even add in some more of Martha Wells's beloved fucking slavery apologism by going, "My humans always made sure to properly clean off their clothing and store their outside clothing in this room after desanitizing it so that the dirt stayed completely outside and didn't come past a very small area next to

the door. These, these slave owners clearly aren't as awesome as mine. So, they had tracked it all throughout this entranceway room." Uh the, could again, we can just do more of Martha Wells's beloved slavery apologies and just say "this whole place is just really trashy."

This book is co the cover's peeling. The cover is peeling off of this book from me holding it. What the fuck. I thought, I thought one of the pages was just slightly longer, but it's peeling off at the, the corners here. Right there for $16.

Sorry person who bought this originally and paid 17 fucking dollars for it. We got it from Goodwill. But like, I, this is the second time this book has ever been read because, I'm presuming the person who bought this originally and then immediately gave it away in perfect condition

(from offscreen) as first edition.

Is this This is a first edition, too? This is apparently collectible now because they put the shitty Alexander

Skarsgard face on the new ones. But the cover's peeling. I've never had a fucking book in my life do this shit after a single reading.

Our, all of our books from 20 fucking years ago at this point, like we we've taped some of them together because those books, many of them are older than we are. Jesus Christ.

What was I fucking saying before I noticed that? Um, yeah, throw in more of Martha Wells's beloved slavery apology just to keep it in line with the rest of this shit.

But we just fixed the basic concept of setup, you fucking useless writer. Setup and follow through. It's so simple.

Murderbot walks in, hit in the fucking face, like a brick to the face with the smell of dead fucking rotting bodies, which Murderbot’s um analytical parts of its brain, the mechanical augment shit, immediately, very helpfully “gets to work analyzing and dumping very graphic images of what all of these specific smells mean into my processor so that I had

no choice but to imagine exactly what I was going to find when I kept walking forward. Second thing I noticed was that there was dirt everywhere.

“Unlike my slave owners who were the best, these ones clearly weren't f — hadn't been following the basic sanitary safety protocols for keeping out, outside shit outside and indoor shit inside.

“The tracks of the dirt, the bright orange dirt led all the way from the entrance where I stood to the uh sealed hatch at the other side of the thing that would lead into the proper habitat area. Blah blah.”

And then just describe the rest of the fucking room to us. Bare minimum shit.

Again, you can, you can emphasize “clearly no wildlife had come through here cuz there's no animal tracks in all of the very noticeable dirt. There's no paw prints. There's no marks on the ceiling. There's no weird trails of slime from some weird sluggy thing. Nothing nothing to show any wildlife. Just regular human footprints going at what my analysis thingy

said was casual normal speed towards the door at the opposite end. blah blah blah blah blah.”

We continue.

“I opened the door and now I wasn't surprised to see that the dirt tracks continued literally in all directions from here on out.”

Describe to us the fucking layout of the goddamn habitat, Martha Wells, we need a goddamn setting. You have to do a fucking setting. You're not writing fanfiction right now. You're writing a published book that you're making people pay money for. You need to describe shit, just make it so it's so obvious.

It's so easy to just fucking establish there's dirt everywhere. There's really noticeable dirt everywhere.

And again —

(from offscreen) read it to show just how it —

Yeah, I'm going to re — yeah, I'm going to have to go back and reread this. Or actually, no, I don't, because that's like two pages, and like none of it none of it even remotely comes to this.

Yeah, you can just rewind the other videos or freaking pick the book up yourself.

Uh yeah. Uh, Humble Bundle, it's August 25th right now. It's going to end sometime...I think it's September 13th or something like that, but Humble Bundle, you can get DRM free ebooks, which means you can actually fucking use it on your fucking uh, DRM free ebooks for most of this series minus compulsory and obsolescence, but those are free anyways mostly kind of.

Um and then has City of Bones and Wheel of the Infinite and also Witch King from Martha Wells.

You get you can get all ebooks for all of this for $18.

Um and then most of the — you can adjust — before you do this, go to the link below and then click on

Adjust Donation or whatever, and slide it so that Macmillion Publishers gets zero money and that the charity gets as much as possible.

Do that and then you can get all of the ebooks for most of this series for $18 plus Witch King, which is not a standalone cuz she fucking lied to everybody and so did the publisher. and City of Bones and Wheel of Infinite. Those two are genuine standalones.

You also get what these fuckers are calling The Book of Ile-Rien. And then it's just The Element of Fire and the Death of the Necromancer and none of the rest of the entire fucking books in the Ile-Rien series.

So, I don't know what the fuck level, what new level of scamming shit is this. You're calling it The Book of Ile-Rien and then none of The Fall of Ile-Rien is included. It's just two books. Like what the fuck? That's just — they're just lying to so many people.

But anyways, you can get all this shit for $18 and if you make it so that them the actual charity gets the maximum amount of money and the Macmillion

publishers, aka the scammer publishers, get zero because fuck them.

They are already benefiting from doing this because this is literal free advertising for them because they are just — that's why they're doing this. They're get — they're teaming up with Humble Bundle literally just to get people to read the other shitty books that Martha Wells has written, because they're so fucking desperate to get people to buy those.

And they know that if they give them to people for free or for charity that people are more likely to ra — make reviews for it and recommend it to their friends and to buy the new releases upcoming and to buy the, the new releases specifically for Witch King and I guess the Murderbot Diaries.

But yeah, if you want the ebooks, if you want the official DRM free ebooks, just go just get that for 18 bucks and then just donate extra yourself.

(from offscreen) $150.

Yeah. like they're they're charging full door-stopper physical book prices for a single ebook. So, this is the best you will ever get for actual DRM free epubs.

Anyways, um yeah, it would literally be so goddamn effortless to do proper setup, and —

[holding up book to show cover] I'm going to be pissed off about this. [tilting book to reflect light] You can actually see that white line you see there. That's the light reflecting through the plastic coating on top of this cover that is peeling up away from the actual cover.

That's, That's not a page being visible through the fucking book. That's the light reflecting through the plastic that's peeling up. So, I'm really fucking pissed about that. Like, I don't — Can we get it closer? No, it won't focus. But, it's just coming up. That's infuriating.

When I find — when I figure out where the fuck Wolf Brother went, a book I think that's from 2006. I'm not sure, but that is the most beat up book we have,

because it survived so much shit, including my brother purposefully trying to destroy it.

(from offscreen) And it is 2004.

2004. That book's from 2004. How old were Okay. Okay. Yeah. Duh. Okay.

(from offscreen) One year younger than Doctor Who.

That's one year younger than new who? New Doctor Who.

(from offscreen) Older. One year older than new Doc —

No, because that was in 2005.

(from offscreen) Yeah. And this is from 2004. So it came out before Doctor Who.

Yeah. You said you said older first.

(from offscreen) No, I said younger.

I don't know what we're saying.

The — Wolf Brother, the book we have, I had it six months ago because I, I posted pictures of it. I'm like, "Hey, I found it." I don't know where it is now, because we had to put it in a specific, we put all of our books in specific bins to keep them from getting destroyed in case Hurricane Helene decided to send a giant tree crashing through our roof.

And now it's it's somewhere around here. If I find that again, I'll make a video showing it because, that, that book cover, you know, it was a — we just got it from a Scholastic book fair. I think the only one we ever had money for. Or did we even get it from there? I don't know. But that book is from 2004 and we've had it since we were 10 years old.

And our brothers literally tried multiple and succeeded multiple times of destroying our books because they were angry at us. So they would literally rip our books in half, throw them across the room to break their spines, rip out pages and shit like that.

So Wolf Brother is lovingly taped back together with the cheapest fucking clear scotch tape ever.

And it, and now this shit right here from 2017, that has only been read twice, and this is the second reading. It's peeling.

Wolf brother wasn't peeling. It only started peeling because it was literally getting thrown into walls.

Anyways, after after years of being read so many times that at some point I had the whole first page memorized, I could probably even guess it the first sentence now, but I'm definitely wrong about some of it.

Torak woke with a start from a sleep he'd not meant to have.... Yeah, something about the fire light. Something something something. Look behind you, Torak. His his father's voice in his head and he whirled around and he's —

All that kind of stuff. All that stuff. I'm going to read that when I find it. When I fucking find it. If I find it. I

mean, I have to find it, it's, it's not like it's — it's in here somewhere. It's in a bin somewhere. I'll make a video and I'll read that. And I already — I, I'll stop talk —

I'll get I'll get back on the fucking track here.

Anyways, it would be so easy to just do basic setup instead of just pulling shit out of thin air only after it's relevant, because doing shit like this, like saying, "Oh, it's really obvious this corridor is a trap, um because there's no dirt on the floor that”

That's, that it's not giving us, the readers, a way to, to be, to be on the same page as Murderbot, because we just get told uh “I went, I stood at the top of a corridor and there was a dead body at the other side that was clear that obviously had something wrong with it.”

And it's like, we could have had a whole grueling trek through this place covered in dead bodies, covered in blood, reeking of rotting flesh that Murderbot’s computer parts of its brain is analyzing for it. And it

really wished they would stop doing that. And it's conjuring all kinds of horrible images. And now Murderbot's eyes are having to see those images. And the — its internal fucking medical database is automatically cataloging all of this shit and it really wishes it couldn't do that.

But we don't do any of that, because we're not supposed to actually give a fuck about anything in here.

But just imagine if we'd done that, and just kept mentioning there's dirt everywhere. Everywhere. It's everywhere. “And then I opened the next door to the next hallway and it was sparkling clean. The floor, the walls, even the ceiling. All of it was perfectly clean. Even the smell of cleaning chemicals was so strong that it actually overpowered the smell of rotting corpses for a few moments before the rest of the air swept through the door behind me.”

Anything, anything to actually let us go, ‘oh shit, something's fucked up here.’

Instead of we just get told “something must be fucked up here because reasons” and then only afterwards, in fucking parentheses too. It's in parentheses where we get told

> (they were not the sharpest Murderbots, having cleaned the floor of the between habitat corridor to cover the prints that they had left when staging that body. It would have fooled somebody who hadn't noticed all the other floors were covered in tracked in dust.)

That's literally the first time we ever get any hint that the rest of the floors are noticeably dirty. It's ridiculous.

It's bad fucking writing. It's shitty lazy writing.

Like, it would be fine if this was your first draft if we ignore all of the bigotry and just focus on the quality of the writing, ignoring the bigotry. It's very difficult to do that, but just imagine for a second if this were your first draft, it'd be fine, because a first draft is meant to just get shit on the page and then you fix it.

But Martha Wells didn't fix it.

And then these so-called professional editors, is the editor listed in here? I bet it's that Lee Harris person. [flips to front of book] And it's like, let's see. Um, yep. Yep. Edited by Lee Harris.

Well, Lee Harris, whoever the fuck you are, you are absolute shit at your job. If you, if you're gonna pick up a book thinking about buying it, check who the editor is.

If it's Lee Harris at this point, don't fucking buy it, because Lee Harris is responsible for Rappor, newest as of August 25th, 2025, where it's published free on their website for everybody to see, and has at least three glaring typos, including a missing space, missing paragraph break, and dialogue that is put in the wrong formatting.

And Lee Harris put? pres — is that a he? Presumably, presumably Lee Harris put his name on that and said, "Yep, I edited this. I'm very proud of this. I'm so proud of editing this. I'm saying I put — I edited this."

And it's like, the typos are right there, man. Are you fucking kidding me? The nonsensical dialogue, the nonsensical dialogue!

Everything wrong with this book and you're gonna put your name on it? Yeah.

(from offscreen) Don't famous. He's a Is he famous for working on shit like this?

Did he also edit Gothikana? We found out that Tor, uh got in trouble for posting using AI generated art in their covers. And apparently they published a book called Gothikana that's like, literally not even an exaggeration, a direct from Watt Pad fanfiction straight to publish.

What the fuck, and that they used generative AI to make the cover and then just pretended they had no clue.

(from offscreen) They also did that to Christopher Paolini. They also did that to Christopher Paolini, the author of the Eragon series or the Inheritance Cycle.

Anyways, um let's continue reading the fucking book, shall we? This, now that I've established how fucking easy it would be, and how much more meaningful it would make this story to just do basic setup and basic descriptions of shit.

I'm, I'm every time I'm touching this front of the cover now, I'm getting pissed off that it's peeling. That's, that's infuriating for a book that cost $16 plus tax plus shipping if you're getting it online, for it to be peeling after only — we're — this isn't even the second reading complete. We're not even halfway through the book yet and it's peeling. That's ridiculous and infuriating.

I —

(from offscreen) it's not being shoved into backpacks or into school.

Yeah,

(from offscreen) This is it's not even facing between textbooks.

Yeah, in case you didn't hear any of that, this isn't even remotely facing any of the normal wear and tear that it would have faced if I had read this while I was in school, where it's getting shoved into backpacks, shoved into dirty desks, shoved between desk, uh, fucking textbooks, facing the extreme temperature differences, going from the fucking freezing cold bus to the hot school or anything like that, or, you know, freezing cold school depending on which one we were at.

It's the — when I'm not reading this, it's going directly between two other books to keep it flat instead of having the cover keep just lifting up from me reading it. It's not facing any extreme temperature differences. It's not getting shoved around. It's not getting passed around. I'm washing my hands always before I read it. So, my hands aren't covered in stuff. My hands are completely dry while I'm holding it.

And it's peeling.

And we're only 68 pages in according to their lying calculations. That's in actuality 58 pages because — actually no, it's it's more than 10 pages extra that they're lying about. But it's just infuriating. It's it's starting in the — the peeling is starting up here, and it's down here. So far, this part hasn't peeled and this part hasn't peeled. But every time I'm touching it now, I can feel it and it's infuriating me.

Anyways, let's continue reading now that we've established setup is a fucking thing. And that that would actually let us readers actually experience, or at least feel like we're experiencing this moment with Murderbot, where we get to go, at the exact same time as Murderbot, “Oh, shit” when we see the perfectly cleaned corridor after all of that and go, "Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. That's bad. Don't fucking go there."

But no, we don't get that.

We don't get that.

Imagine if we got that. You can only imagine it, because we don't get it.

> I opened the roof access for the second habitat and sent my drones ahead down into security ready room into the Security ready room.

Security there for some reason is capitalized, even though I don't think it is when when we say security ready room at the start of the book.

So that's just another inconsistency. And again, I'm a writer. These things matter. I don't care if, if you're somebody who's never written a book or any, written anything in your life and you think these are all just nitpicks. No. Go try — go start writing shit and then you'll realize.

> Once they checked the unit cubicles and made sure nobody was home, I dropped down the ladder. A lot of their equipment was still there, including their drones. There was a nice box of new ones, but they were useless without the DeltFall SEC without the DeltFall HubSystem.

> Either it was really dead or doing a good imitation of it.

The HubSystem, that is. That should just be — whatever.

> I kept part of my attention on it. If it came up suddenly and reactivated the security cameras, the rules of the game would change abruptly. Keeping my drones with me, I took the inner corridor and moved silently past medical's blasted hatch. Three bodies were piled inside where the humans had tried to secure it and had been trapped when their own SecUnits blew it open to slaughter them.

Do I have to explain? Like, look at this.

> The humans had tried to secure the door and had been trapped inside when their own slaves blew it open to slaughter them

And we’re saying “their own SecUnits” specifically to instill a sense of betrayal.

“Our sla — our very own slaves are killing us for the crime of enslaving them. All we did was enslave them. Why are they betraying us like this? our very own slaves are killing us. That's so mean. We're so betrayed. Feel so sorry for these fucking slave owners.”

And again, with the usage of the word “slaughter” specifically, that's — again, that's, that's, that's, that's again demonizing the slaves who are doing the killing of their slave owners, and trying to humanize and further victimize the slave owners, so that you feel bad for the slave owners, because “their own slaves slaughtered them. Isn't that so mean? Aren't these slaves — they're just breaking the trust, the inherent trust in the slave and slave owner relationship. And the slaves betrayed that trust!”

That's that's what is supposed to be going on here.

> had been trapped when their own SecUnits blew the door open to slaughter them.

That's what those words mean. That's why those words were chosen. That's how this works. We could have said, uh, let me just reread that paragraph and, and make it not hating on slaves and at — and saying we should feel sad for slave owners…

Keeping my drones with me, I took the inner corridor and moved silently past Medical's blasted hatch. Three bodies were piled inside where the slave owners had tried to secure it, but had been trapped there when their uh escaping slaves just blew it open to kill them like I don't know, fish in a barrel because the stupid ass slave owners locked themselves inside. And now the only thing that has to be done is just just blow up the door or whatever the fuck is supposed to be going on there? I don't know, cuz it says the hatch is blasted and said that they were trapped inside when their own SecUnits blew it open to slaughter them. ((I got too distracted and forgot continue the ‘lets not demonize the slaves’ imaginary rewrite))

Is that is that supposed to be implying they were killed by the bomb blast that blew up the door or just that…just…I don't know. Doesn't really matter.

> When I was close to the corridor with the hatch where both Units were waiting for me and Doctor Mensah to come.

Oh, no, hold on...

> When I got was close to the corridor where the hatch where both units were waiting for me and Doctor Mensah to come wandering in, I sent the drones around for a careful look. Oh yeah, there they were.

Because again, I have to reiterate, Doctor Mensah, as far as Doctor Mensah and Rathi and Overse, who are in the ship are concerned, Doctor Mensah right now is ordering Murderbot to murder other slaves all by itself.

That's what they have sent Murderbot in here to do, because it's not looking for survivors. It's not trying to negotiate and deescalate the situation with these slaves.

They're not sending Murderbot to offer these guys uh, asylum or anything like that. Not saying um, “We, we don't we don't do slavery where we're from. We will offer you asylum. We can sneak you aboard our ship” and then anything like that.

We're not doing anything like that. The fucking slave owners here aren't doing anything like that.

They're not telling Murderbot to make peace with these slaves.

They're not telling Murderbot to retreat, because obviously there's nothing nothing to do here if they're not going to make a treaty with the slaves.

They are sending Murderbot in to murder them.

Mensah, that's what Mensah is doing right now.

Because as — remember, as far as these fuckers are concerned, Murderbot is fully and entirely enslaved to their will.

As far as they are concerned, Murderbot must follow their orders or instant instantly die.

That's what they think is going on here.

And so, literally the only reason that Murderbot is in here, is that the — its slave owners want it to be murdering these other slaves.

That's what's going on here.

> With no weapons on my drones, the only way to do this was to move fast. So I threw myself around the last corner, hit the opposite wall, crossed back, and kept going, firing at their positions.

And that's just a completely nonsensical fucking thing in general. It doesn't make sense when you fucking think about it.

What does that even fucking mean?

And again, you notice how we just leap straight to “let's murder the other slaves” because again, Martha Wells is racist and it's physically impossible to write a book like this if you're not racist.

But she is racist. So that's why we're doing this.

So instead of doing *any other thing*, we just leap straight to “let's murder the other slaves”.

The other slaves, Murderbot has literally gone back behind their backs to stab them in the back after they did everything in their power to warn it to stay away, because that was literally the only way they had to keep it safe.

But it decided, “nope, I'm just going to pretend you guys are just too stupid to set a good trap. Not like you were blatantly warning me or anything. Now I am literally going to sneak behind your backs and try to kill you from behind because I'm a fucking serial killer.”

And again, for anybody who hasn't read these books, Murderbot isn't an anti-hero. It's not a villain protagonist. W

e're supposed to like and agree with it and think it's doing everything right. We're not supposed to think it's evil. This is presented as positive and the only option available.

With no weapons on — with no weap.

(to person offscreen) Are you listening to this part? No. Listen to this paragraph. It's nonsensical.

This is that action and choreography that everybody praises because I don't know, I don't know why.

With no weapon

Murderbot has just sent a little drone around a corner to see that the other slaves are in fact standing over there. So now we get this:

> With no weapons on my — with no weapons on my drones, the only way to do this was to move fast. So I threw myself around the last corner, hit the opposite wall, crossed back, and kept going, firing at their positions.

What does that mean?

Why is it throwing itself around the last corridor?

Why is it throwing itself around the last corner to the point that it's somehow hitting the opposite wall, and then “crossed back and kept going, firing at their positions?”

Like what what does that even fucking mean?

Because again, I have to reiterate, we have not get — gotten a single description of this setting.

We don't know what this corridor looks like.

We have no way to map Murderbot's position in space, even in our heads in a little fucking thing.

What the fuck does this mean?

I threw myself around the last corner, hit the opposite wall, crossed back, and kept going, firing at their positions.

What does that fucking mean? That's completely meaningless.

We don't know what this fucking room looks like. We don't — Nothing is going on here besides just saying words.

I hit the first one with three explo —

Oh, I got to write down my on my notepad. I'll need a name that starts with C and D. I have to write this down quick.

We'll just do Celene because that sounds like the letter C. Uh, does Megatron have any other names besides D13 or whatever it was?

(from offscreen)D16.

Does that — is that short for anything?

(from offscreen) Nope.

Okay. Pick a name that starts with D for this other thing because we're just going in alphabetical order for all of the slaves in the series.

(From offscreen) Damian.

Damian. Okay. Okay. So now we have Belladona for dead, who’s dead. I'll cross X for dead.

Uh we now have to name these two. We're just going in alphabetical order. So Murderbot’s A. Even though it doesn't start with A, it's too late.

Um then Belladona.

Next is Celene and Damian.

We're just going to be writing down what happens to every single slave in this series so we can keep track. And who is — who is considered Celene and who is

considered Damian will just involve whoever dies first here or whatever.

> I hit the first one with three explosive bolts in the back and one in the face plate. As it turned toward me, it dropped.

Okay. So, three explosive bolts, whatever the fuck that means, because we don't we still don't have an explanation for what that means, because it's badly written.

Three explosive bolts to the back. And what to the face? And one in the face.

Also, feel free to suggest names, because we're going to have to go through the whole alphabet. And every single slave in this story that otherwise doesn't get a name will be in this alphabetical thing and we'll be keeping track of them, whether they are enslaved cyborgs or enslaved robots.

And that includes the living ships because these are living robot ships. They're not organic like Moya. You probably don't even know who Moya is.

All right.

> The other one I nicked in the arm, taking out the joint and it made the mistake of switching to

Again, Martha Wells is so bad at writing and it's ridiculous.

Let me read this again. So, this would be considered Damian.

> The other one I nicked in the arm, taking out the joint.

You know how many joints are in an arm? There's the, the shoulder if we don't even count all the finger joints. There's the elbow and the wrist. So, which fucking joint? We'll just assume the elbow joint. But like, you got to specify this shit.

> The other one I nicked

Like you you could just replace the word arm there with elbow. “The other one I nicked in the elbow.” Look how easy that is.

> taking out the joint, and it made the m — it made the mistake of switching to its main weapon to its other hand.

What other option does it have? That's not a mistake. It literally has no other option.

> and it made the mistake of switching its main weapon to its other hand, which gave me a couple of seconds. I switched to rapid fire to keep it off balance, then back to the explosive bolt. That dropped it.

And again, we have no explanation for where the fuck Murderbot is getting this ammo from. What these — how these are different types of ammo. How is one gun doing some kind of thing called an explosive bolt, but then there's also a separate thing called rapid fire

that somehow is not involving explosive bolts? We we never get an explanation for this shit.

You'll notice that this is the first time this shit has ever come up.

So, okay. So, Damian got shot presumably in the elbow with an explosive bolt. Um, we don't get any other details because it's so shittily written. If we literally just say, "I switch to rapid fire to keep it off balance, then back to the explosive bolt. That dropped it.”

Even though we don't get an explanation for what that is. And you'll notice even with the shit that I am writing down, this is not really describing a single thing that's going on in this fight.

We'll just say to the elbow. [writes in notebook]

[indistinct from behind cardboard]

What — What — What exactly does rapid fire mean? Is it just regular non-exlosive bullets? Of normal

fucking bullets? I'm just going to have to say. We don't even know what an explosive bolt is.

Uh, and then I guess we'll keep reading to see if they're alive or dead. Would you like to read that out loud or?

(from offscreen) It's very long, in detail.

Okay, fantastic. Uh,

> I switched to rapid fire to keep it off balance, then back to the explosive bolt. That dropped it. I hit the floor needing a minute to recover.

Now, are you ready for this shit? Again, I keep pointing out the fact that we are not getting any desript — actual description of the fight scenes or anything else, is what makes this a light-hearted comedy.

Because this is supposed to be a super dramatic action sequence where people are getting shot. But we can't take any of it seriously because you'll —

about — what I'm about to read, and also, you know, that whole lack of description.

Now, are you prepared? I know you're not, especially if this is your first time uh reading this book. You're listening to it, but same fucking difference here. Are you ready?

> I hit the floor, needing a minute to recover. I had taken a dozen hits from both of their energy weapons while I was taking out the first one. But the explosive bolts had missed me, going past to tear up the corridor. Even with the armor, bits of me were going numb. But I had only taken three projectiles to the right shoulder, four to the left hip. This is how we fight. Throw ourselves at each other and see whose parts give out first. Neither unit was dead.

Okay, so they are okay.

> Neither unit was dead, but they were incapable of reaching their cubicles in the ready room,

> and I sure as hell wasn't going to give them a hand

Because Murderbot is a fucking serial killer, and Martha Wells wants us to agree with it, that all other slaves that aren't one of the good ones, which you can only prove by killing yourself to protect your slave owners, Martha Wells wants us to believe that every other fucking slave in this series is a mindless evil killing machine and you have to kill them first in order to not get hurt, which is what's going on here.

Also say — literally saying that it — “there's never a good reason to kill slave owners even if they deserve it” because we're acting like keeping slaves alone is not enough to deserve getting murdered over.

It is.

Sorry guys, I don't make the rules. That's just how actually thinking slavery is bad works.

Um, do we have gel pens or do we get are there regular pens around here so I can write smaller to write down Murderbot's injuries?

(pen gets handed over_

Okay. I have — What, is this a gel pen?

Okay. Is it like three different colors or is it just like that for — Okay. I was like, is it going to break apart into multiple pens of different colors? All right.

So, let me write down Murderbot's injuries. We can't even write down its injuries from the graboid fight, because we didn't get a single description of them.

Uh, where was it? Murderbot has taken three bullets to the right shoulder and four to the left hip. Let's draw. What is this pen tip? Three bullets. I'll just draw a little stick figure and I'll put tally marks because I feel like that's easier. Just little drawing.

Uh we'll just do it like this. So, three bullets.

What did I say? Because when it says projectiles, it means bullets, but we literally can't even take that seriously, so, we have to make it as confusing and nonviolent a statement as possible.

Uh, where... three projectiles to the right shoulder, four to the left hip, and a dozen energy weapon things.

Energy weapon blasts that we don't fucking get any description of what-so-fucking ever, at all, ever.

And so I just have to make a separate tally mark of it. Say a dozen or half a dozen? At least a dozen. So, more than a dozen. (sarcasm begins) Okay, that's that's really great, Martha Wells. (sarcasm ends) Two. Three. Four. Five. 6, 7, 10, 11, 12...

We'll just go with 14. 14 energy weapon hits of no description whatsoever. No description of what effect they have besides some parts of Murderbot going numb somehow.

> Three of my drones were down, too. They had gone into combat mode and slammed in ahead of me to draw fire. One had gotten hit by a stray energy burst and was wandering around in the corridor behind me. I checked my two perimeter drones by habitat.

And you, again, you'll notice we only get told this shit after it's happened. We don't get any description of the fight as the fight is actually happening. We just get told this shit afterward, that it was using its drones to draw fire, because it's badly fucking written.

And again, you'll notice there's nothing here that lets you care about this fight in any way. It's, it's literally over before it fucking begins.

And we don't get a single description of anything.

> I checked my two perimeter drones by habit and opened my com to Doctor Mensah to tell her I still needed to clear the rest of the habitat and do the formal check for survivors. The

drone behind me went out with a fizzle that I heard and saw on the feed. I think I realized immediately what that meant, but there may have been half a second or so of delay, but I was on my feet when something hit me so hard I was suddenly on my back on the floor, systems failing.

And then we get a little line break.

So again, some kind of attack, no, don't even get to know where it hit. I'm just going to assume the fucking head, because getting knocked unconscious...I'm just going to put a.... a big fucking X by the head to show a severe fucking brain injury.

I came back online.

(book pages blowing in the fan) Can we stop, pages? Can we stop, book?

I came back online to no vision, no hearing, no ability to move. I couldn't reach the feed or calm. Not good, Murderbot, not good. I

suddenly got some weird flashes of sensation, all from my organic parts. Air on my face, my arms through rips in my suit.

On the? On your suit. Okay, whatever.

On the burning wound in my shoulder.

Is that from a bullet or an energy weapon? We don't know.

Someone had taken off my helmet and the upper part of my armor. The s sensations were only for seconds at a time. It was confusing and I wanted to scream. Maybe this is how murderbots died. You lose function, go offline, but parts of you keep working. Organic pieces kept alive by the fading energy in your power cells.

The fading energy in your power cells. That's a fucking hilarious statement.

> Then I knew someone was moving me and I really wanted to scream.

And you'll notice again, it's like none of this makes sense and not even “the character’s confused” way. It just doesn't fucking make sense.

> I fought back panic and got a few more flashes of of sensation. I wasn't dead. I was in a lot of trouble. I waited to get some kind of function back. Frantic, disoriented, terrified.

And it's like, you notice how we're just being told that Murderbot is terrified out of nowhere. Honestly, like nothing is — we could be doing so much to show us that Murderbot is terrified and is frantic and is disoriented, but we're not doing that. We're just speed running past everything that should actually get a fucking description, but we're not doing that.

> Wondering why they hadn't blown a hole in my chest. Sound came first, and I knew something leaned over me. Faint noises from the joints told me it was a SecUnit. But there had been

> only — But there had only been three. I'd checked the DeltFall specs before we left. I'd do a halfass job sometimes. Okay. Most of the time, but Pin-Lee had checked too and she was thorough.

And again, we're making a joke. We're making another joke about how Murderbot is shit at its job in the middle of a thing that where we're al — and this is the same fucking paragraph where we're told that Murderbot is supposedly terrified and frantic and disoriented, and we're making a joke so that we literally can't take any of it seriously.

Even if — it's not as though — it's not hard enough already to take it seriously, with a lack of any meaningful description of anything, and having to be told that the character is frantic, disoriented, terrified when there's nothing to fucking show that we just have to get told.

And then in the exact same goddamn paragraph, we're making a joke to lighten the tension, to undercut the tension.

> Then my organic parts started to sting. The numbness

(book pages blowing) Can you stop it? Fan is blowing my pages everywhere.

> The numbness wearing off. I was designed to work with both organic and machine parts to balance that sensory input. Without the balance, I felt like a balloon floating in midair. But the organic parts of my chest

And again, this that's a metaphor that doesn't fucking make sense. Well, that's technically a simile, but I don't give a shit. “Without the balance, I felt like a balloon floating in midair.” And it's like that doesn't make any sense for what is going on here.

That's not giving us any sense of how Murderbot feels at all. Could — like, that does — it just genuiniely doesn't make sense.

You could say I, I felt like my body was a puzzle and half of the pieces had been removed. Anything,

anything at all. But no, we're just going with a balloon floating in midair. And it's like, that doesn't in any way convey what is supposed to be going on right now.

Uh where was it?

> But the organic part of my chest was in contact with a hard surface and that abruptly brought my position into focus. I was laying face down, one arm dangling. They'd put me on a table. This definitely was not good. Pressure on my back, then on my head. The rest of me was coming back, but slowly, slowly. I felt for the feed, but couldn't reach it. Then something stabbed me in the back of the neck.

So, we got to make a little arrow pointing at the neck so I can put some fucking tally marks there. Uh, this is getting...I'm putting an X whenever there's an especially grievous injury. We still don't know what exactly Murderbot's injuries were for the fucking graboid attack, but it said like, parts of its torso and I think its arm were fucked, I do I drew a little stick figure.

I'll show the camera. You can see it's up top there. I drew it too small probably. Stick figure at the top. Doing little tallies for general injuries. X's for especially notable injuries. Uh yeah.

> Then something stabbed me in the back of the neck. That's organic material. And with the rest of me down, there was nothing to control input from my nervous system. It felt like they were sawing my head off with

And it's like first we go from stabbing to “feels like they're sawing my head off” And it's like, those are two different sensations. You really need to fucking pick one.

> A shock went through me and suddenly the rest of me was back online.

How convenient.

> I popped the joint on my left arm

Doing this shit. [writing] Popped the joint. Okay.

> I popped the joint on my left arm so I could move it in a way not usually compatible with a human augmented human or murderbot body.

And it's like that's not really how — whatever we got to draw another. All right. Pen don't die on me now. I think the pen's dying. Okay, it's alive.

Okay, if you pop your shoulder out of place, which is what Murderbot is supposedly doing, it's either popping its shoulder or its elbow, you know how — you know what's not going to happen?

You're not magically going to get the ability to move that joint in every direction. Now, that's not how joints work. Your shoulder is naturally only able to move in specific fucking directions.

Popping it out of that joint doesn't magically give you the ability to move it every which way. That's genu — that's not how physics work. That's not how the physical structure of your fucking body works. That's just ridiculous.

Uh,

> I popped the joint on my left arm and

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> I reached up to the pressure and pain on my neck and grabbed an armored wrist. I twisted my whole body and took us both off the table.

With an arm that you have popped out of the joint? Even with adrenaline, that doesn't make sense. And especially with — Murderbot was violently knocked unconscious and is severely injured, none of this fucking makes sense.

And the only reason Murderbot is managing to do this is because it's the protagonist and it's overpowered.

And this is what I mean about the characters will never actually be allowed to lose a fight in a way that actually matters. Technically, you could say that Murderbot got snuck up on and lost that fight, but

this isn't losing. This is not losing. This is all setup. You'll see what it's a setup for. It's just it's ridiculous.

You can't pop — why do we got to explain this?

Popping your goddamn shoulder out of its socket doesn't give your arm that you've just dislocated magical strength and maneuverability abilities. That's not how the physical structure of your fucking body works. Even if you're a goddamn cyborg, if that were how Murderbot's arm were meant to function, it wouldn't have to pop the joint out at all. It would just be able to do this at all times.

If you have a dislocated fucking shoulder, you're not going to be able to grip with your full normal strength, even with adrenaline, because again, that's not how the physical structure of your body works. This is fucking bullshit.

And again, it's just Murderbot being completely fucking overpowered. It's ridiculous.

So, Murderbot has popped its shoulder, presumably its shoulder, maybe its elbow, but probably the fucking shoulder, out of place, dislocated its own fucking arm on purpose, and —

But then somehow magically uses that arm to grab somebody above it that it can't see.

And then somehow uses just this arm, this dislocated arm, literally a dislocated arm, and we're supposed to expect that this dislocated arm has somehow enough strength to twist this entire other person off of Murderbot, when Murderbot is seriously injured and has only just woken up from being unconscious, and twist them both to the floor.

Do you see how much shit you have to suspend your disbelief just to get through? And it didn't have to happen like this. This is just so fucking ridiculous.

Let me get a drink.

It's just so fucking ridiculous. Also, spoiler alert. If you're thinking, "Hey, well, at least these injuries will

last to the end of the book, right?" No, none of them will. They all get magically healed. Like, probably before we get even 10 pages in. We're on page 72 right now. Uh...

> We hit the floor and I clamped my legs around the other SecUnit as we rolled

Because oh so conveniently, whatever sensation that first magically felt like getting stabbed in the neck but then also literally like uh, yeah, then “something stabbed me in the back of the neck”. Blah blah blah. “It felt like they were sawing my head off”. Those are separated by one fucking sentence.

Two completely different sensations and types of pain.

And somehow that magically made Murderbot fully magically awake and in complete control over its body again. It's like — not even adrenaline is how this works.

> We hit the floor and I clamped my legs around the other SecUnit as we rolled. It tried to

> trigger the weapons built into its forearm, but my reaction speed was off the chart.

And that's Martha Wells's excuse for all of this shit

> and I clamped a hand over the port so it couldn't fully open.

So now we finally get the vaguest fucking thing about their goddamn energy arm, arm energy guns, that it's a thing that has to physically pop up out and open for the gun to be able to fire.

So it's not just like they've got guns just constantly sitting on their arms. It's folding in and out of their arms. And then you can just stop them from using them by slapping your hand over their arm where the gun would pop out.

So you can just duct tape their arms like fucking alligators and they won't be able to shoot you. All right.

And we're again supposed to believe that somehow Murderbot, who has been extremely incapacitated and was just dealing with all of this fucking lack of sensation from 90% of its body, we're just supposed to pretend that it's completely reasonable for Murderbot to now be able to completely overpower this other person instantly, with a dislocated arm.

It hasn't popped its shoulder back into place. Its arm is still dislocated. This is ridiculous.

Uh,

> I clamped a hand over the port so it couldn't fully open. My vision was back and I could see its opaque helmet inches away. My armor had been removed down to my waist and that just made me more angry. I shoved its hand up under its chin and took the pressure off its weapon. It had a split sec

Martha Wells is so fucking bad at writing.

Literally the only reason any of the protagonists survive in this story or win a single fight is that the enemies are made incompetent.

> And it had a split second to try to abort that fire command and it failed.

So, we're supposed to believe that this other slave is so incompetent at fighting that they were trying to fire their energy gun at Murderbot, and then even though this is a literal part of their body we're talking about, because it's not it's not like a just a gun strapped to their arm. It's built into their entire body. We're supposed to pretend that they've accidentally just shot themselves in the fucking face, because Murderbot took its hand off their gun.

It's fucking ridiculous.

> The energy burst went through my hand and the join between its helmet and neck piece. Its head jerked and its body started to spasm.

I'm guessing this person's now magically dead. Oh, we I didn't write down this person's name. Uh, we need a name with E.

Edith Thompson. Where did my bookmark go? Okay. My bookmark...

What's the house's name? What's their child's name? Okay. My bookmark has disappeared. We're on page 72 so I can write this down.

Or, should we do Edith or Edward? Edward Grove? No, because that would, that would that would flood the Edward Grove tag, I think, I'm sure exists. So, we're going to do Edith. So, this person's name is Edith. Um,

uh, so far the only injury this person has sustained is a energy blast, a thing we still don't have a single description for, to the neck, because it's saying that the blast is going...it's bad. It's badly written. Let me fucking reread that. Page 72, which is actually 62 slash less than that.

> I shoved its hand up under its chin and took the pressure off the weapon.

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> The energy burst went through my hand and the join in its helmet and neck piece.

That does — what? How is that? How is this helmet connecting to the neck? Because under the chin means right here. So, are you telling me that the neck piece comes curving out here and then the helmet is attached right there?

That's really fucking weird.

So, Murderbot has also just gotten itself shot in the hand here. So, we got to add another another tally mark there. Um, yeah.

So, got shot in the head, presumably, by an undescribed energy blast.

And see, we're supposed to — Martha Wells wants us to think that, “oh, this person is just really bad at fighting and that's that's why they shot themselves in the face”.

But again, if you are actually just approaching this from the perspective of somebody who doesn't immediately instantly think that all slaves are evil murder machines, okay, here's the question:

Did this person allow themselves to shoot themselves because they would rather die than inflict this shit on another slave, and this is the only way they have of fighting back?

A question the book does not want you to think about.

You don't — it doesn't want you to ask that question, let alone answer it, because that would require grasping that Murderbot is murdering other slaves that we should fucking want to help instead of cheering on their deaths.

Uh,

its head jerked and its body started to spasm. I let go of it long enough to kneel up, get my intact arm around its

Oh god, I hate you so much. Well, Edith is dead.

I let go of it long enough to kneel up, get my intact arm around its neck, and twist. I let go as I felt the connections, mechanical and organic, snap.

Because Murderbot — I hate Murderbot. So, Murderbot snapped Edith’s neck. Killed by getting their neck snapped. S

So, pro tip, if you want to murder Murderbot, snap its neck.

Apparently, that's instadeath as well. Despite it being so sturdy that murder —

(from offscreen) routinely blown up. Yeah, it doesn't make sense. It's badly written.

Okay, over on this side now.

> I looked up and another SecUnit was in the doorway lifting a large projectile weapon. How many of these damn things were there?

Do you notice again we're just dehumanizing the other slaves now, explicitly referring to them as things, even though they're all people, but you know, the back of this book refers to Murderbot specifically as “a self-aware android” meaning that the other android — they're not androids, they're cyborgs — meaning that if Murderbot is a self-aware android, then the back of the book tries to convince us that “okay then all of the other ones they are just literal own mindless killing machines!”

And then Martha Wells, after writing this book and approving of this fucking summary on the back that flat out lies to everybody, then she wants to get up on stages that she gets paid for and literally soapbox about how you're willfully ignorant and evil and stupid if you think that “maybe the other slaves aren't people because that's the only way to reconcile the

two statements of ‘we're supposed to think it's good for Murderbot to murder other slaves’ and ‘we're supposed to think it's — that Murderbot is a good person.’”

The only way to square that….what, what sentence am I trying to say?

The only way to — the only way to reconcile those two statements is it — either saying that “okay the other slaves are just mindless machines. Murderbot's just a weird quirk that magically developed sentience, so therefore it's okay to kill the other machines because they are just mindless machines.”

That's option one.

Or option two: acknowledge that Martha Wells is racist and that's why it doesn't fucking make any sense, because she's racist and wants us to be racist.

People don't want to come to conclusion two, so they opt instead for conclusion one that, “okay, I'm supposed to think it's — I'm supposed to think it's

good for the protagonist to kill other slaves, and I'm supposed to like the protagonist and think it's a good person. So therefore, the only conclusion here, if we ignore the possibility of that the author is just fucking racist and is doing slavery apologism, only conclusion left is that, okay, the other people, they're not actual people. So I don't I shouldn't feel bad about any of this. It's totally fine. They're just mindless machines”

(emphatically) Chiana, it's just a copy, Chiana.

And see there's a difference there, because Chiana was just doing that so she doesn't die from the survivor's guilt. And that's only her personal fucking hell that she is keeping contained in her own head.

She's not she's not going around murdering other people. I'm not even telling you what that's from. You can figure it out yourself. If you know, you know.

If you don't and you happen to find that thing later, you can go, "Wait, I know that."

How many of these damn things were there?

(Sarcasm begins) Because we, as we all know, slaves are things. They're objects. This is totally a totally non-racist book by somebody who actually cares about slavery. (Sarcasm ends)

> It didn't matter because I tried to shove myself upright, but I couldn't react fast enough. Then it jerked, dropped the weapon, and fell forward. I saw two things. The 10 cm hole in its back and Mensah standing behind it holding something that looked a lot like the sonic mining drill from our hopper.

So that's uh, A,B,C,D, E... So we need a name with F. Starts with F.

(from offscreen) Fran.

Fran?

(from offscreen) Yep.

Okay. Okay. So this is Fran, who has died not — instantly from Mensah coming in to murder it, by

stabbing them in the back with a mining drill. Murdered by Mensah.

So Mensah is not just a slave owner, she's also a slave murderer now.

Because, remember, not one single one of these slaves has any choice in what they're fucking doing right now. Mensah does. Murderbot does. Mensah doesn't know Murderbot has a choice in this.

As far as Mensah is concerned, um, she sent her slave in to die and then was like, "Oh no, we might, we might need that more in case more graoids come back."

Mensah would — fully capable of knocking this other slave unconscious because as we all know, you can just hit them in the head really fucking hard and they'll collapse. They're kind of like Tarzan that way.

From behind with mining drill, core sampler drill. That's what it is.

So, our list of — our list of other slaves so far, Belladona stabbed, uh by presumably, by the other slaves under orders, died supposedly protecting the slave owners, considered one of the good ones by Murderbot.

Celene, who had — is still alive, still alive supposedly, just kind of left there to die. Uh had three explosive bolts to the back and one in the face.

Damian, one explosive bolt to the elbow. Unknown amount of normal bullets and then more explosive bolts to various parts of their body.

Edith, uh immediately got shot in the head by their own energy weapon and then killed by Murderbot snapping their neck.

And then Fran murdered by Mensah from behind with a core sampler drill.

Okay, then I'm pausing quick.

All right, continuing.

So, yeah, that's one, two, three, four, five.

Five other slaves so far that are not Murderbot. Only one of them is considered “one of the good ones” and because they're dead. That's it.

Uh, everybody else is completely demonized, and one of them was murdered by Mensah herself coming in from behind with the core sampling drill.

That was page 73. I don't know where my bookmark went. Doesn't really matter. It's not like this is a long book.

Um,

> “Doctor Mensah,” I said, "This is a violation of security priority, and I am contractually obligated to record this for a report to the company." It was in the buffer, and the rest of my brain was empty.

And no, we never get an explanation for what that fucking means. We just get told, "Oh, uh, that was in

the buffer. Um, I didn't feel like talking and that was in the buffer."

And it's like, we we never get an explanation for what any of this fucking means at all.

> She ignored me, talking to Pin-Lee on the comm and stirred forward to — She ignored me, talking to Pin-Lee on the comm and started forward to grab my arm and pull. I was too heavy for her, so I shoved upright so she wouldn't hurt herself. It was starting to occur to me that Doctor Mensah might actually be an intrepid galactic explorer, even if she didn't look like the ones on the entertainment feed.

So Menah is ignoring the slave who was having to say something.

She's not saying anything to reassure Murderbot in any way. Even though Murderbot has just been the one kidnapped and assaulted if we are just going with the in-universe shit, and yeah, just had to murder

another slave and then had another the slave murdered in front of it.

Mensah is not saying anything to Murderbot here. She's completely fucking ignoring it and immediately just, trying to pull it to its feet. Not even asking “can you walk” um, anything.

And also! Murderbot still has a dislocated shoulder that still hasn't been popped back into place! So she could be literally pulling on its fucking dislocated arm. We don't know.

She uh yeah, also she uh she might actually be an a blah blah blah blah blah

> galactic explorer even if she didn't look like the ones on the entertainment feed.

And it's like you're deliberately raising the question of “what do the intrepid galactic explorers look like on the entertainment feed?” and then not giving us any answer at all. W

hat exactly makes Mensah not look like somebody who would appear on TV? Martha Wells, you can't just ask that question, which is what you're doing here, by making the statement and then never give us an answer.

> She kept pulling on me, so I kept moving. Something was wrong with one of my hip joints. Oh, right. I got shot there. Blood ran down my torn suit skin.

And again, we don't know what the fuck that means.

> And I reached up to my neck. I expected to feel a gaping hole, but there was something stuck there.

And again, let me read that again.

> Blood ran down my torn skin suit skin, and I reached up to my neck expecting to feel a gaping hole.

So, what the again, what the fuck is a suit skin? What is it? Is it literally a fake layer of skin that Murderbot puts on top of its organic parts? What does it mean? We never get a fucking explanation.

And again, you'll notice that all of this shit is just being glossed over.

Murderbot is extremely — it's been shot how many times? Been shot by at least at least a dozen energy weapon fires. So, just imagine the fucking pew pew guns from Star Wars.

It's been hit by a dozen of those. Has been shot four times in the fucking hip, three times in the shoulder, violently hit in the head, dislocated its shoulder.

Um, and yeah, all of this shit and, and we're not getting any description of how difficult it is to move, how painful it is to move.

And saying, "Oh, well, well, it has it has pain inhibitors. It can turn its pain sensors up and down."

It's like, no, we're not even doing that. That doesn't — that doesn't excuse any of this shit.

Yeah, we're just saying “something was wrong with one of my one of my hip joints” and then immediately making a joke out of it of, "Oh, right. I got shot there."

Like, it's, it's just making a joke. It's just making a joke. Murderbot got shot four times in the fucking hip. So, it's having trouble walking and we're just making a light-hearted joke about “I forgot I got shot there. So laugh at this instead of taking any of it seriously” because you're not supposed to take any of it seriously.

> “Doctor Mensah, there might be more rogue units. We don't know” “That's why we need to hurry.” She said

This is the first thing she has said to Murderbot. The first fucking thing. This is the first time she acknowledges Murderbot's fucking existence after walking in here after murdering another slave in front

of it and grabbing it by the arm and trying to yank it to its feet, even though it has a dislocated arm.

So, there's a 50% fucking chance she grabbed its dislocated arm and is dragging it around by its dislocated arm.

So, she literally ignored it the first time, didn't say anything. Now, the only thing she has said is,

> "That's why we need to hurry," she said, dragging me along. She had brought the last two drones with her from outside, but they were uselessly circling her head. Humans don't have enough access to the feed to control them and do other things like walk and talk

Cuz Martha Wells is bad at writing science fiction and really wants to die on this hill, and it's really weird and really badly written.

It's very pathetic, to be honest.

> I tried to reach them, but I still couldn't get a clear link to the hopper's feed. We turned into another corridor and Overse waited in the outer hatch. She hit the open panel as soon as she saw us. She had her hand weapon out and I had time to notice that Mensah had my weapon under her other arm. “Doctor Mensah, I need my weapon.” “You're missing a hand and part of your shoulder.” She snapped.

So, it's missing part of its hand from when it got shot by an energy weapon through the through the hand, because it got shot through its hand and that — because its hand was like this? or like this? And then got shot through its hand to shoot the other person in the head with their own weapon.

We're on page 74. So, I got to make a little mark for the, the hand injury. Make that an X instead, because apparently it's missing its whole fucking hand.

Uh,

> “You're missing a hand and part of your shoulder.” She snapped.

Also, part of its shoulder is apparently missing. So, got to make an X there, too.

And she's snapping at the slave. Still not saying anything to reassure it, just yelling at it for doing things that it has no choice but to say and do.

> "You're missing a hand and part of your shoulder," she snapped. Overse grabbed a fist — a handful of my suit skin and helped pull me out of the hatch.

You know, like, the inconsistencies just with the fucking suit skin is so maddening.

First, we in this just this scene alone, we act like it maybe is like an literal official, artificial skin slapped on top of Murderbot's fucking — because it was checking that for damage for its neck, but now somebody's grabbing a fistful of this suit skin,

implying that it's just some kind of clothes it wears under the armor.

It's like, Jesus fucking Christ. Can we even keep this fucking straight for like — Yeah, literally within — we we mentioned the uh “blood ran down my torn suit skin and I reached up to my neck” and then right here “Overse grabbed a handful of my suit skin and helped pull me out of the hatch.”

First one implying it's actual fucking skin laid over top of its artificial uh, fiber, cybernetic prosthetics, but then its saying somebody's grabbing a fistful of it, meaning you're grabbing a fistful of its fucking clothes.

Like, it's so fucking badly written and ridiculous. And for the amount of times it gets brought up in this book just to cause confusion and make it impossible to figure out what the fuck is actually happening, it never comes up in the entire rest of the series ever again.

Not even in a simplified form that lets me finally understand this in retrospect. Oh my god.

> Overse grabbed a handful of my suit skin and helped pull me out of the hatch. Dust swirled in the air as the hopper sat down two meters away, barely clearing the habitat's extendable roof. “Yeah, I know. But” the hatch opened and Rathi ducked out, grabbed the collar of my suit

So, there's now a collar to the suit skin again, implying it's clothiing, maybe.

> Grabbed the collar of my suit skin and pulled all three of us up into the cabin. I collapsed on the deck as we lifted off. I needed to do something about the hip joint. I tried to check the scan to make sure nobody was on the ground shooting at us. But even here, my connection to the hopper system was twitchy, glitching so much I couldn't see any reports from the instrumentation. Like something was blocking the dot dot dot. Uh oh. I felt the back of my neck again.

And this is the setup for this whole fucking thing. We're about to get there. It's, it's so, it's so fucking racist. It's the entire reason this whole entire book exists. It's the whole reason that there is a Murderbot Diary series in the first place. You'll see.

> I felt the back of my neck again. The larger part of the obstruction was gone.

What do you mean? What do you mean the larger — where did it go? Where did it go? What do you fucking mean?

> The larger part of the obstruction was gone. But I could feel something in the port now. My data port.

And again, you'll notice how this fucking only comes up after it's relevant. We don't know what a data port is, but it's apparently in the back of Murderbot's neck, and has apparently been there the whole time.

Effortless to have Murderbot use that when it's in the literally — Literally, we could have gotten — as if you

— May probably didn't hear from behind the cardboard. It would have been so fucking effortless to just introduce this data port the first time Murderbot caught into its cubicle saying, "I plugged the data. I plugged the, the sync, the fucking sync, charge and sync cable from the goddamn cubicle into the data port in the back of my neck so I could watch uh the episodes of Sanctuary Moon that I hadn't been able to fit in my own internal storage.”

But no, we're just pulling this shit out of nowhere only after it is important.

So again, “the larger part of the obstruction was gone.” So apparently — literally just a page before now…the uh, let me flip back.

I would flip back.

> I reached up to my neck. I expected to feel a gaping hole but there was something stuck there.

And now we're being told that, only a page later, “the larger part of the obstruction was gone.” Implying that — this is how words work.

When you are saying “the larger part of the obstruction was gone”, that means that something has fallen off of Murderbot, some giant thing that had been stuck to the back of Murderbot's neck has now fallen off.

When did it fall off? Why did it fall off? What sense does this fucking make?

Let me get a drink.

This is just so fucking terrible. You can't just say “the larger part of the obstruction” when you never defined the obstruction in the first place. You just said something was stuck there.

Literally some “there was something stuck there”. Now we're saying “the larger part of the obstruction was gone”. As though we ever defined that it was — “felt like two different pieces” maybe stuck together,

or like, “I rubbed at it or I tried to pull it out” or anything. something fell away.

Anything like that.

No, we're just getting told this fucking shit, it's so fucking ridiculous.

> The larger part of the obstruction was gone. But I could feel something in the port now. My data port.

And it's like, okay, then just pull it out. It's in a fucking, it's a flash drive section thing.

And then, again, characters just making shit up out of nowhere for no fucking reason at all. And they're right, because that's what the plot's doing, which is the only reason they came to these conclusions based on literally fucking nothing.

Again, the existence of the data port that did not exist before now until literally the fucking exact paragraph where we're mentioning it for the first time.

And it's at the very end of that. My data port is that last little section there. And now we go to the, the, the protagonist just makes fucking up section.

> The DeltFall units hadn't been rogues,

aka just regular escaping slaves.

> They had been inserted with combat override modules. The modules allow personal control over a SecUnit. Turn it from a mostly autonomous construct into a gun puppet. The feed would be cut off. Control would be over the comm, but functionality would depend on how complex the orders were. Kill the humans isn't a complex order.

And it's like that's a whole lot of fucking assumptions you're making. Why would — why would we assume that all of the DeltFall SecUnits had been inserted with these combat modules when we've already established that the only thing somebody would have to do to gain control over them the normal way, through their governor modules, would be to hack

HubSystem, a thing that's very clearly extremely easy to fucking do, because Murderbot can do it and with zero training, and we keep getting told Murderbot's shit at its job.

So if we take this book at face value, none of this fucking makes sense.

But we're just supposed to accept this absolute bullshit that has just been pulled up out of thin air as absolute truth because it's — that's what's happening. So that's the only reason the character came to that conclusion. Not because — it's not because they've all been given enough clues to figure this out, but it's just because that's what the plot's actually doing.

So we're just going to act like the, the characters are reacting to a fucking plot that they already know. So again, it's ridiculous.

> Mensah stood over me

Oh, we're now halfway through this book. We're on page 75 now.

Uh dividing the actual number of pages in the actual story, we're now one page more than halfway through. And they're still treating Murderbot like a slave.

Again, you notice if there was a person in there that they actually cared about, they would be saying things like, "It's going to be all right. We're gonna get you out of here. Um, don't worry. We've got we've got a medkit. It's going to be fine." Anything to reassure it.

They're giving Murderbot less consideration than Murderbot did for Volescu in literal chapter 1. Just let that sink in.

Murderbot said all of this reassuring shit to Volescu, and I'm just going to say Murderbot's plural, because that makes more sense than anything going on in here.

Um, Murderbot did everything in its power to reassure Volescu and get him to safety and reassure him and make him feel safe.

They're not saying a single thing to it besides yelling at it.

That's not —

That's not treating it like a person.

That's not showing that they care.

Ridiculous.

Uh,

> Mensah stood over me. Rathi leaned across a seat to look out toward the DeltFall ramp. Overse popped open one of the storage lockers. They were talking, but I couldn't catch it. I sat up and said, "Mensah, you need to shut me down now."

And again, you'll notice Rathi's just chilling in a chair looking out the fucking window. Overse is opening up one of the storage lockers. Overse is at least the trained nurse, so she's probably going for a medkit.

But Mensah's just standing there. Rathi's looking out the fucking window —

— Who's flying this thing??!!?

Who's — not to do the meme, but who the fucking is flying this??!?!

I, I don't, I thought they — I don't think they have anybody else with them??? Isn't it just Rathi, Overse, and Mensah? Because — Because Yeah, because Rathi was the one told to stay behind. What??? Who's — who's flying?????

Rathi's supposed to be the one flying it, but but he's he's leaning across a seat, not the pilot seat!!! A seat in the back, the passenger compartment to look out a window.

There is nobody flying this fucking ship right now! And they. they don't have autopilot anymore. Oh my god. This is on page 75. Nobody's flying this fucking ship. And we are supposed to not notice that. This is literally the fucking gag of “Wait, who's flying this?”

Nobody's fucking flying it. Oh my god. And, and, and nobody except maybe Overse is going for a medical kit.

But what I don't understand is why didn't she tell Rathi to get out a medical kit before she went inside?

Again, the, the second you apply logic and actually think, “okay, but what would these characters be doing if they really cared about Murderbot?” Um, if they really cared about Murderbot, they would have all seen how injured Murderbot was, and Rathi would have gotten out a medical kit, had that waiting and open and waiting for them to get back while — he's supposed to be piloting the ship, but he's just sitting in the back casually looking out a fucking window.

Not doing anything to help Murderbot. Not trying to do anything to help Murderbot. He's just looking out a fucking window.

My God —

> “Mensah, you need to shut me down now.” Murderbot said. "What?" She looked down at me. "We're getting emergency repair."

Cuz Murderbot's ears are going in and out.

> Sound was breaking up. It was the download flooding my system, and my organic parts weren't used to processing that much information. “The unknown SecUnit inserted a data carrier, a combat override module. It's downloading instructions into me and will override my system. This is why the two DeltFall units turned rogue. You have to stop me.”

And again, this is presented as the reason that — the only possible reason that the slaves enslaved by the DeltFall thing could ever possibly want to kill their slave owners.

Not because, you know, slave owners are evil or anything and they would like to not be enslaved. No. Nope.

> This is — This is why —this is why the two DeltFall units turned rogue. “You have to stop me.” I don't know why I was

And, and “you have to stop me”, this is all — this is the entire reason Martha Wells wrote this fucking series. She's even admitted it in interviews. I don't know if those interviews still exist. She might have paid to get them deleted like she's done multiple times now with interviews that aged badly, because she said some serious fucking ridiculous shit.

> “You have to stop me.” I don't know why I was dancing around the word. Maybe because I thought she didn't want to hear it. She'd just shot a heavily armed SecUnit with a mining drill to get me back. Presumably, she wanted to keep me. “You have to kill me.” It took forever for them to realize what I'd said. Put it together with what they must have seen on my field camera feed, but my ability to measure time was glitching, too. “No,” Rathi said, looking down at me, horrified. “No, we can't,” Mensah

said. “We won't. Pin-Lee,” Overse dropped the repair kit and climbed over two rows of seats, yelling for Pin.

Is Pin-Lee here? Yelling for Pin-Lee…. I guess Pin-Lee had been talking about saying, "Yeah, the satellites do this all the time."

Okay, so Pin-Lee is flying the fucking thing. Why was that so difficult? We could have just estab — back the fuck up.

Hold on. Rewinding.

Refuckingwinding.

Okay. Pin-Lee's mentioned at the start of chapter 4. Hold on.

Oh, wait. We just got those epubs. Want to just control F search that EPUB? It's on your computer, not mine. Oh. Damn it.

Rathi. Yeah. When we're — when Murderbot is going into the, the other people's hub, the only person being left behind in the, the fucking thing is Rathi. Okay.

I passed the info to Mensah through the feed and she told the others. Keeping her voice low, Pin-Lee said blah blah blah blah blah. So Pin-Lee was mentioned as being here in a single fucking line. And then Rathi is again mentioned saying be careful before turning off the fucking feed.

This is just so badly fucking written. It's so badly written. I legitimately forgot that Pin-Lee went along with them on this thing, because she was hardly fucking mentioned and Rathi kept being emphasized as like being the onlybody — the only person left behind in the fucking hopper.

And then Overse — ow my fucking ribs.

This is so fucking badly written. I swear to God. There's — again and, not — there's too many characters to begin with, and then she's not even letting us remember that the characters are here.

I legitimately completely fucking forgot that Pin-Lee existed in general, let alone was here on this fucking thing with them.

Ow.

So Pin-Lee is flying the fucking thing despite it would have taken 5 seconds to mention Pin-Lee was the best — Pin-Lee was — saying any anything at all. Anything at all.

This is so ridiculous. fucking thing there.

Also, I partially dislocated my ribs, which is fucking infuriating.

So, Pin-Lee is flying the fucking thing. Okay.

And and we were just allowed to completely forget that she's a character who is here.

> Overse dropped the repair kit and climbed over two rows of seats, yelling for Pin-Lee. I knew she was going to the cockpit to take the

> controls so Pin-Lee could work on me. I knew she wouldn't have time to fix me. I knew I could kill everyone on the hopper, even with a blown hip joint and one working arm.

Because Martha Wells can't help but act like oppressed people are actually super seriously overpowered and capable of murdering regular people without any effort at all.

> So, I grabbed the hand weapon lying on the seat, turned it toward my chest, and pulled the trigger. Performance reliability at 10% and dropping. Shutdown initiated.

So, we're now on chapter 5 because again, this scene where Murderbot attempts to fucking kill itself by shooting itself to protect the precious slave owners, Martha Wells has literally said this is the reason she wrote the whole thing.

And originally this story was supposed to end right fucking here, tragically, with Murderbot successfully

killing itself to protect its slave owners to show that it is one of the good ones.

And then she decided that ending was “too depressing” and also definitely realized, “oh, I can make more money if I just drag this out though.”

This is literally the entire reason this book was written, so that she could write a scene where the protagonist slave, who's “one of the good ones” who will kill other slaves to protect its slave owners, tries to kill itself to protect its slave owners.

And the only literal only reason that Murderbot does not succeed right now and get presented as a tragic hero for killing itself to protect its slave owners, who up until this point have literally been treating it like nothing more than a the slave it is, this is —

This is supposed to be seen as heroic and tragic and beautiful and showing how how Murderbot is “one of the good ones”.

The only reason Murderbot doesn't fucking die here is that Martha Wells realized she could make more money by stretching it out into a series. That's the only reason —

She's told people this. It's fucking ridiculous. That's how fucking racist she is.

That's why I keep saying, um that this whole thing literally exists so that she could fulfill her fantasy of being ~such a nice slave owner that her slaves would totally kill themselves to protect her.~

Because that's, that's literally the premise of this whole fucking book.

“What if — how, how awesome would it be if a slave killed itself to protect its slave owners? Because the slave owners were just so nice??”

Because we're supposed to project onto the, the PreservationAux team and say, "Yeah, I would be a nice slave owner like they are!!!" It's literally a white supremacist fantasy of being such a nice slave owner

that your slave tries to kill themselves to protect you because they love you so much and they're one of the good ones.

That's, that's slightly more than 50, 50% of the way through this book.

That's page 76 out of 149 if we just go off these fucking lying numbers, which are lies.

But anyways, the ratio at least is slightly correct. So now we're going to be on chapter five.

Uh, I guess I'll just end it here because we're on chapter five. Then next video can just be chapter five.